The Game Of Sleep

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The Game Of Sleep

by FandomsAndShipsGallore

Summary

Hannibal has nightmares

Post fall Hannibal and Will fled the country. They lived in a gorgeous, spacious house in Germany. They had decided to have separate bedrooms, though it made wound cleaning and assisting each other more difficult they thought it would be a good idea for comfort purposes. Until Hannibal began getting nightmares.

It was about two months after their icy plunge. The first time it happened Will laid in his bed contemplating whether or not to go comfort the doctor. Then the thrashing and yelling just stopped. Will closed his eyes hoping to fall back asleep. The creak of the door had him tense and ready to fight.

That was the moment Hannibal shuffled in, looking more disheveled than Will had ever seen. Red, puffy eyes, tear streaked face, messy hair, comforter wrapped tightly around him, and the faint tang of sweat. Will laid perfectly still waiting to see what the older man did. Hannibal closed the door behind him and made his way to the side of Will's bed. The older man quietly lower himself onto the bed, on top of the blankets, and curled into Will's back; one arm under his neck, the other over his chest, face buried in his shoulder blades. Will sighed softly and fell into a rather comfortable rest.

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When Will woke up and Hannibal was already gone. Which, his refused to admit, made him disappointed. The smell of fresh bacon, however, told him right where the man was. He wouldn't bring up last night. Hannibal would say something if he wanted to talk.

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This happened every night that week, no matter what position Will was in Hannibal would wrap around him, before Will decided to do something to end this cycle. They went up to bed at the same time, and just as Hannibal went to open his door Will took his hand gently in his own,"Come sleep with me, it's where you'll be by the end of the night any way."

"Thank you, Will," Hannibal sighed gratefully and gave a small smile. Will lead him into his room before releasing his hand and hopping into bed. He pulled back the sheets and panted the spot next to him. Hannibal slid under the covers and rested his head on Will's bare chest. His arms and legs wrapped around him like a giant octopus. Will laughed softly, "Staying all night?"

"Of course, sweet Will," Hannibal purred softly. Will wrapped his arm around Hannibal's hip, "Good. I dislike waking up cold."

"And I hate leaving the comfort of your arms," Hannibal sighed. Will smiled and squeezed his hip.

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They both slept like babies. Will woke up to the sound of whispered Dante as Hannibal traced random patterns in Will's chest. Will yawned and stretched his arms, "Good morning."

"Good morning, William. How did you sleep?" Hannibal said. Will laughed, "Very good considering your still snuggled up with me."

Hannibal looked rather appalled for a moment, "I do not 'snuggle', Will Graham."

"Then what is this?" Will gestured between them. Hannibal made his intense thinking face. Will tried not to bust out laughing as his eyebrows squished together. Hannibal frowned, "Fine, I love snuggling."

"I knew it," Will kissed his head. Hannibal mumbled to himself, but leaned into Will's lips. The brunet laughed, "Oh, stop it, you know I love you."

"You... do?" Hannibal's eyes were glistening with tears. Will smiled, "Of course I do, you big ol' sap. C'mere."

Hannibal buried his face in Will's neck and whispered, "I love you too, so, so much. There is over 200,000 words in the English language and I still can't describe how deep my adoration for you truly is."

"Oh my god that's so cheesy, but also really cute," Will got teary eyed. They both cried, a lot. Hannibal wiped his tears, "I don't want to get out of bed."

"We don't have to," Will kissed the top of his head. Hannibal nodded, "Good."

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